Glo. Tush that was in thy rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for my loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer loue,
To both their deaths thou shalt bee accessary.
La. I would know thy heart
Glo. Tis figured in my Tongue.
La. I feare mee both are false.
Glo. Then neuer man was true.
La. Well, well, put vp your sword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That shall you know hereafter.
Glo. But I shall liue in hope.
La. All men I hope liue so.
Glo. Vouchsafe to were this ring.
La. To take is not to giue.
Glo. Looke how this ring incompasseth thy finger,
Euen so thy brest incloseth my poore heart.
VVere both of them for both of them are thine
And if thy poore supplyant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doest confirme his happinesse foreuer.
La. What is it?
Glo. That it would please thee leaue these sad desines
To him that hath more cause to bee a mourner,
And presently repaire to Crosby place,
Where after I haue solemnely enterred
At *Chertsie* Monastery this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For diuers vnknowne reasons, I beseech you
Grant mee this boone.
La. With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent:
Tressill and *Bartly*, goe a long with mee.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. Tis more then you deserue:
But since you teach mee how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue sayd farewell already *Exit.*

Glo.

Glo. Sirs, take vp the course.
Ser. Towards *Chertsie* noble Lord?
Glo. No to white Fryers there attend my comming:
Was euer woman in this humour woed? *Exeu. Manet Glo.*
Was euer woman in this humour wonne?
Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What? I haue kild her husband and her father,
To take her in her hearts extreamest heate:
With curses in her mouth, teares in her eyes,
The bleeding witnesse of her hatred by:
Hauing God, her conscience, and these barres against mee;
And I nothing to backe my sute withall
But the plaine Diuell and dissembling lookes.
And yet to win her all the world is nothing? Hah?
Hath shee forgot already that braue Prince
Edward her Lord, Whom I some three moneths since
Stabd in my angry mood at *Tewxbury*?
A sweeter and louelier Gentleman,
Framd in the prodigality of nature:
Yong, valiant, wise, and no doubt right royall,
The spacious world cannot againe affoord.
And will shee yet debace her eyes on mee,
That cropt the golden prime of this sweet Prince
And made her widdow to a woefull bed?
On me, whose all not equals *Edwards* moity,
On me that halt, and am vnshapen thus?
My Dukedome to bee a beggerly denier,
I doe mistake my person all this while,
Vpon my life she finds although I cannot
My selfe, to bee a marualous proper man,
Ile bee at charge for a Looking-glasse,
And entertaine some score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adorne my body,
Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,
I will maintaine it with a little cost.
But first ile turne yon fellow in his graue,
And then returnè lamenting to my loue.
Shine out faire sunne, till I haue brought a glasse,
That I may see my shadow as I passe. *Exit.*

Enter

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